
It Takes
All Kinds
A Literary
Zine
7th Issue

Welcome to Issue 9 of It Takes All Kinds!

This issue marks a return to a quarterly publication schedule, with an aim to have issues in January (or early February for this issue), April, July, and October.

There's a lot of excellent writing and photography in this issue. I hope you enjoy it. To read back issues and find submission guidelines for future issues, see www.motusaudax.com.

Skaja
January 2023

Front cover image: John Patrick Robbins
Back cover image: Karen Tardiff



Image by Michael Hough

A Personal Polemic
By Kevin M. Hibshman

I resist the dictates of the feeble-minded who attempt to use religion as a bargaining chip.
I stay far from “believers” who subscribe to an individualized dogma specifically tailored to suit them.
Let them live in their nonsensical realm of lies and delusion.
Trouble only begins when they stretch their scrawny necks out their second- story windows to mind MY business.
Fuck off you despots!
Haven't we seen enough of these power-hungry, mentally unstable tyrants?
Why don't we band together and get rid of them ONCE AND FOR ALL?

Racists and super creeps.
Zealots and denier freaks.
Followers of idiot speech.
Let's flush them all down the drain in the interest of humanity!
We don't need to see anymore suffering at the hands of the lawless who hide behind badges.
How keep our children off the paths where these monsters roam,
In the churches, in the schools, in the home?
Stop supporting stupid people interested in exploiting your hard-earned cash.
How awake IS “woke”?
Is it simply more useless rhetoric coming off as a bad joke?
Must our extinction become a self-fulfilled prophecy?
Liars who desire to re-write history and alter the facts to protect a fallacy, an obsolete myth.
We must do better, folks!
We can no longer pretend that we haven't been warned.



Photo by Michael Hough

Let’s hear that again
By Michael Hough

Wind and winter night
sing their own tight harmony
as we huddle close.
Doors creak and our trees
flex their naked limbs in a
North wind off the lake.
...Bad night for sailors...
Wave tops turn to icy spray
here on our lee shore...

Warm under a throw
we read tales to each other
as the dogs listen
hearing the inflexions and
understanding tone of voice.

River Nimrodel!
may she run forever clear...
...Let's hear that again



Images by Skaja Evens



It Takes More Than A Storm by John Patrick Robbins

All you can ever do is write to get through the bullshit in life.
From the assholes that judge you.
To the ones who stole your affections and tried to break you.

Don't ever let a bitter soul poison your own.

It happens all too easy in this life.
And once you break, the chances of becoming anything more than an afterthought are slim to none.

Embrace the storm ahead, laugh within its wrath, be the madman instead of the lap dog they often groom you to be.

Anyone can settle to be half-ass.
Be more than what you're handed.

And never hide in a shadow.
When you can so easily carve a path through the mire.

Failure is only for the bitter hearts that never learned to try.

Every storm passes.
And embrace the calm afterwards.

For only those who withstood can ever truly comprehend.

My only question is: are you still standing?



Image by Skaja Evens

Cover The Mirrors
By Lynn White

All the mirrors were covered
every night
in my grandmother's house
draped with coloured cloths
like the budgie's cage.
She was worried
that a soul might wander
and be sucked into the reflective
glass
and she thought
the souls of dreamers were very
vulnerable.
I thought that the budgie must be
covered
because at night
even with the door closed,
his soul might fly the cage
and
disappear into the mirror.
Sometimes she forgot to cover the
cage,
though never the mirrors
and then
I would examine the mirrors
carefully
to check that it was me in there
and not his feathered soul.
Then
I would check his cage to make
sure
that he was still inside
with his soul intact
She told me not to worry
that his cage was only covered
to make it dark
so he would sleep.
But I didn't believe her.
It made no sense
if it was dark anyway.
So I always checked
the mirrors.

His Flaw
By Ashley Karlsson

Is in his damaged soul.
And the baggage is more than
anyone can handle, including
himself.

I watch; an onlooker to a final act
I cannot bear to witness.

Truth is cruel as so is life.

The Platypus Is A Cunt
By Koala man

Who still hasn't paid me for my
gas for taking him to Queensland.
And he drank me last Fosters.

Gas isn't free and life is rough in
the bush.
Stick to your own kind; charity is
for that cunt Jesus.

He loves me so he says.
I think that makes him a poofter
by default.

I Don't Like People (Shocker!)
By Scott Simmons

I've walked straight into people
and I didn't feel remotely
obligated to say sorry.

However, when I bumped into a
mannequin at a mall.
And gave it my deepest
apologies

I think it's because I relate
much more to a lifeless husk
Than any human I've ever met.

No wonder I became a writer.

i noticed all the holes
By Linda M. Crate

one day i woke up,
decided i'd had enough
headaches and disrespect
through the years;
all you wanted was for our
threadbare friendship to remain
intact but i couldn't see a
reason for it because we were
not close any longer—
all we had to speak of was
our shared past,
but when i started looking
closer at the fabric
i noticed all the holes;
and how i was the only one that
watered the garden of our
friendship
so i decided enough was
enough—
you told me once that you didn't
miss people,
so don't start missing me now.

my time with the wolves
By Scott Ferry

began when my son was born
when the fear of all fires
forced me into caves
of my own burning
my wife lures me out
saying you are still not here
my husband where are you?
and in order to return
i need to admit that i am
covered
in blood and silence
that i have been unable
to swallow the gristle and
tendon
of the daylit war
and when i admit that i forgot
how to laugh i begin to weep
and weep
and she holds my pinkbody
as i crawl out of the dark throat
into a surrender—
nothing breathing
everything breathing



Image by Skaja Evens

Proofters Ahoi
By Koala man

I set me Foster cans around the perimeter.
I kept my fire low and remained silent in the bush.
I found an Elton John cd around me camp.

I damn near was infiltrated.
Good thing I hadn't dropped the soap around the billabong. I don't want to go waltzing sideways.

Piss off Matilda, you bloody poof.

Sketch Artist
By Koala man

Coloring in charcoal because I am no poof.
Art is not just for the ladies.
It's why I only sketch my enormous didgeridoo.

The vibration is exquisite as a cold Fosters in the crack of the arse of the morning Aussie, Aussie, Aussie!

Self-Referential Blowjob
By Scott Simmons

There's always a song about making songs.
Films about making movies.

And Poems about writing poems.

So, did I write this shit to be profound?
Or to make an inspiring statement?

Fuck no, I'm lazy.

I just did something you fucktards would read.
And pretend to relate with.

So I can sell more shit.

Words on this page by Jerome Berglund

Rainbow

thru the gale
and blowing snow
a shriek unplaced

Mississippi sends
buoyant cremains back up –
geese nibble, relaxed

unacknowledged
recurring ghost trope
standard fare, tortured
characters

hypostress
the pregnancy in pauses
trigger warning

still sweltering in the dark
peel off plaid shirt:
heat rash

Tin Heart

jet plastic bag on tree
across street from a flag
billowing in unison

appreciate orange cone –
would prefer though if you'd
fix that giant pothole

ultraviolet light
on the crime scene –
things rather not see

transparency unwelcome ideal
when insides are blackened
and veins blue

on warm days
with windows raised high
better hear chirping

Moons of Pluto

upturned squirrel
flowers in mouth
looks like

driving to school
returning home from work
...always pointed at sun!

each shovel-full from path
against the wind
flies back in my face

also need spend money
to *not* make money –
dead plants by post

prize coconut balanced on blue
cheese...
Jenga tower pulls
deep endgame

Image by Skaja Evens



Moments of Connection
By Skaja Evens

Everything aches, from lack of solid ground
Both metaphorical and real
As I try to maintain balance on my own
Wanting to lean on you, yet feeling more unsteady than ever

I ask questions with cryptic replies
And wonder whether our differences undermine
Our commonalities, and those moments of connection
Full of melodic rhythm, aurally tactile
Without borders, entwined

i want to write a novel about fish in sewers
By Scott Ferry

and ice skating on salt want to dig until the excuses
scare off the sex want to shun the congregation
want to choose the mysterious limp chop the weather
with nude verbs spray lust on the shiny god
i swim but that is normal i do not carry this body
it follows me through atmosphere
i joke when i am frightened i see a burning tower
in my dreams i am upside down and laugh retroesophageal
i misplace the function of speaking under this heavy light
i mispronounce fish when swimming under the city
i find all the scales in a church
shiny skins lost in the psalms eyes as if floating
but what have i found when i keep having to confess?
that's not luxury that's bad television
i scrape all my armor into a bag
limp into the church leave it there among
the fires
—----------

Rumination
By Scott Simmons

Was it stupid for us to ever try dating?
To put it politely it was clinically retarded.

So, do I miss your sorry ass?
Yes, I do quite literally.

Seriously I wish I still had those nudes.
But the sexy stuff isn't really what I missed.

It was simply hearing your voice every night.



Image by Michael Hough

Tomorrow find the way
By Michael Hough

A lonesome wrangler
rides out on the rimrock trail
to think some things through...
...listen to the big sky night
and tomorrow find the way.

A good horse don't think
so much, she just wants some feed
and a good long drink...
...At the hid water hole, them
flies quit when the sun goes down



Images by Skaja Evens



Fingerless Painting
By John Patrick Robbins

I think most readers are void of any hope, as writers are just boring in general.
Kissing ass and stapling books.

Hope is a great drug and will kill you as fast as heroin.

I have neither hope nor any form of happiness.
But I do have pages to pen and drugs to consume and some people to make cry.

I can't change the course of a one-way ticket bearing straight toward hell.

Either accept it as my truth or whisper bullshit underneath your breath.

I cut deep; keep that in mind.
And that's the difference between real and fake.

Death is my promise; what is created in between is a reward of hard work and lack of anything better to screw.

No, that wasn't a typo; now, move on to safer ventures, children.

The killing fields of a madman's mind are no place for you to play.



Image by Onnie Pendergraft

a beautiful life
By Linda M. Crate

Image by Skaja Evens

i was always
expected
to be less of me,
accommodate others
put my dreams
on the back burner;
i didn't want to do that—
so i planted gardens to
feel the butterflies dancing
across my heart,
i danced in the trees and the
creeks so i could feel peace
and empathy so pure that it healed
every broken piece of my
heart;
i chased my dreams and listened
to my soul—
i see they cannot remember who
they are,
but i have never forgotten my name;
and i will make for myself a beautiful life.





Image by Michael Hough

Today a Winter wind
By Michael Hough

In my dream I could
understand your thoughts and hear
the pulse of your heart.
So, I dreamed you touched my face
as if not so much time had passed.

Quiet for a bit
I see you by morning light
from the East window
just before you came awake
smiling in an easy dream.

Today a winter wind
filled my tracks with sand and snow
as I look behind.

i want a set of instructions
By Scott Ferry

from god but none of what is written lasts
i find some answers as crying turns to laughter and back
as health turns to illness and back as rain and wind
and dry heat syphon each other out of the frame
and even then it is how i love which matters
whether the anger and loss can
be warmed by forgiveness
whether my gripping fingers
rip the paper or fold it
wipe off the blood
place it again into
this hollow

—----------

they'll never forget me
By Linda M. Crate

they wanted me to be aurora,
but i have always been maleficent;
i was always magic and wit,
and wings to carry me through the
Skies;
they didn't trust my magic nor my wings
but i didn't trust their intentions—
just wanted me to find a philip,
but i have had my fair share of stephens
Instead;
and i am tired of iron and losing my wings—

they wanted me to be sweet and contrite,
never putting up a fuss and to be perfectly
ladylike; but i think a lady should define
herself and so i decided to become a legend—
they'll always forget aurora, they'll never forget me.

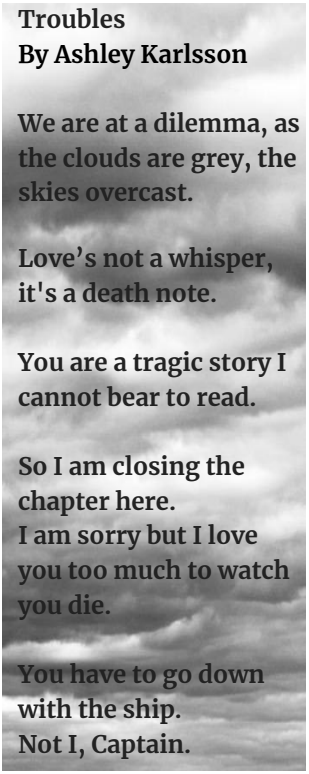




Image by Skaja Evens

Skaja Evens is a writer and artist living in SE Virginia. She edits It Takes All Kinds, a litzine published by Mōtus Audāx Press. Publications include The Rye Whiskey Review, The Crossroads Lit Magazine, Blue Pepper, Medusa's Kitchen, and Synchronized Chaos. She can be found listening to music, considering the impossible, and enjoying her cats' antics.

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Sir John Patrick Robbins is the Pushcart Prize darling and runner up for America's Next Top Model For The Blind. He is currently on tour in Narnia. He is a hairdresser in Long Island and is making plans to relocate to Oslo, Norway to dedicate his life to preaching the word of Satan. He likes pussy and unprotected sex. He once drank water thinking it was vodka. It sucked ass.

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Scott Simmons is a writer/humorist from Houston Texas and is also the editor of The Dope Fiend Daily. His work has been featured in The Rye Whiskey Review, Horror Sleaze Trash, Death Nail, The Anti Heroin Chic, Duane's Poe tree and The Black Shamrock.

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Karen Tardiff has been writing as long as she could hold a pen. Her works have appeared in several anthologies and journals, both online and in print. She founded the Aransas County Poetry Society. She is the founder and Editor-in-Chief of Gnashing Teeth Publishing. Find her at karenthepoet.com.

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Lynn White lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places, and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy, and reality. Nominations include Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net, and a Rhysling Award. Her poetry has appeared in Consequence Journal, Firewords, Capsule Stories, Gyroscope Review and So It Goes. https://lynnwhitepoetry.blogspot.com

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Kevin M. Hibshman has had his poetry, prose, reviews, and collages published around the world. He has edited his own poetry journal, FEARLESS, for the past thirty years. He has authored sixteen chapbooks, including Incessant Shining (2011, Alternating Current Press). His latest books: Just Another Small Town Story and The Mirror Masks Nothing, a co-authored book with John Patrick Robbins published by Whiskey City Press, are now available on AMAZON.

Linda M. Crate (she/her) is a Pennsylvanian writer whose works have been published widely both online and in print. She has twelve published poetry chapbooks, the latest being: Searching Stained Glass Windows For An Answer (Alien Buddha Press, December 2022).

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Jerome Berglund has many haiku, senryu and tanka exhibited and forthcoming online and in print, most recently in the Asahi Shimbun, Bear Creek Haiku, Bamboo Hut, Bottle Rockets, Cold Moon Journal, Daily Haiga, Failed Haiku, Frogpond, Haiku Dialogue, Haiku Seed, It Takes All Kinds, Japan Society, Poetry Pea, Scarlet Dragonfly, Triya, Under the Basho, Wales Haiku Journal, and the Zen Space.

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Onnie Pendergraft: A flawed human, practicing presence, trying to embody the essence of kindness; who writes haikus, and sometimes blogs about her life, nutrition, mental health, and yoga. Instagram: embracewellnesswithonnie

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Scott Ferry helps our Veterans heal as an RN in the Seattle area. His most recent book, The Long Blade of Days Ahead, is now available from Impspired Press. More of his work can be found @ ferrypoetry.com.

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Michael Hough is a retired musician and professional photographer, with decades of experience in both careers. He toured as a member of the Mustards Retreat folk group for 44 years. He lives in Northern lower Michigan, USA continuing to write poetry across several genres, songs, and short fiction. He has been a writer since high school and college.

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Ashley Karlsson is a poet from Oxnard California currently living in North Carolina. Her work has been published in The Rye Whiskey Review and the Dope Fiend Daily she is currently working on her first book to be released by Whiskey City Press.

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Koala Man escaped Area 51 and now resides in the bush in Australia. He is a fifteen time Emu award winning poet. He has published 15000 chapbooks, more than most cunts in Canada or the US. He is working on building the tree house of lucky Sheila's dreams. He avoids poofters at all costs.


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